Blaſphemia Deteſtanda:

OR, A

CAUTION

AGAINST THE

DIABOLISM

OF

ARIUS.

A LETTER from a CLERGY-MAN of the Country, to his Brother in the City of *EXON*, touching the Vile and Wretched *ARIANS*, ſaid to be ſtarting up there.

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To the moſt Reverend

FATHER in GOD,

WILLIAM,

Lord Arch-Biſhop

OF

CANTERBURY.

May in pleaſe your GRACE,

MY *Humble* DEDICATION *of this Sheet to the* BLESSED TRINITY,

NITY, *and to you, ſhall be a Prayer only.*

GOD *of Infinite Mercy ſtrengthen the Hands, guide the Heads, and inflame the Hearts of the* CONVOCATION, KING, *and* PARLIAMENT, *and more particularly of Your* GRACE, *to cruſh thoſe Monſters, that either* directly, *or by* Conſequence, *deny the* LORD *that bought them; diſturb the Peace of the* CHURCH *and* STATE; *and are the Reproach, Shame, and Peſt of the* Engliſh Nation: *And*

are

are the Devil's Factors and Agents upon Earth, to mislead poor Souls; and prate and wheadle them into the Sorrows of Eternity.

MY LORD,

YOUR GRACE'S

Affectionate Honourer.

Blaſphemia Deteſtanda:

OR,

A CAUTION againſt the DIABOLISM of *Arius.*

A LETTER, &c.

My Dear Brother,

IT ſtrikes me to the Heart, to hear that any *One Man* of your *Good City* of *Exon* ſhould be weary of the *Catholick Faith:* And that there ſhould *any*

Man be found in it, that ſhould be but ſo much as *tempted* to the wretched Hereſy of that *Baſe* and *Vile Miſcreant Arius*, whoſe Bowels, like *Judas*, guſhed out.

St. *Athanaſius*, 1400 Years ago, (in whoſe Time this *Baſe* and *Lewd* Fellow [*Arius*] liv'd,) calls him, Κιβδηλον καὶ Σωτα-δικὸν Ἄρειον; *i e.* Counterfeit and Unſincere, and Laſcivious *Arius*.

Doubt not but you'll ſee or hear of a diſmal End of Mr. *Pierce*, if he be the Promoter of that *Damnable Hereſy*.

SIR, As you regard the *Salvation* of your *Soul* caſt off the leaſt *Tendency* to the Deteſtable *Arian Doctrine*, as you would a *Viper*, or a *Coal* of Fire from your *Boſom*: Start back with Fear and Trembling, Deteſtation and Horrour.

Sure, you'll never *be He*, that *will deny the Lord that bought you*: Or, the Divinity and Godhead of the *Holy Jeſus*; or his being an *Infinite Satisfaction* to an *Infinite Juſtice*, for the Sins of the Penitent and Believing World: Or entertain any *Principles*, *Arguments*, or *Doctrines*, that, in the leaſt, look that way. Whilſt

Whilſt *Romans* 9. 5. ſtares them in the Face, they muſt be *conſcious*, and are ſo: (very *conſcious* ;) and (tho' ſhameleſs) yet full of ſecret *Shame*, *Guilt*, and *Miſgivings*. For beſides Scripture, all the Determinations of *Fathers*, *Councils*, and *Creeds*, are againſt them, in all Ages of Chriſtianity.

But, (to their diabolical and helliſh Shame), I am told, they have the *daring Impudence* and *Infidelity* to piſh away all theſe.

Nay, I am inform'd they have *coyn'd a Maxim* againſt all Creeds too; which is, *Credendi Cacoethes eſt Scabies Eccleſiæ*: Which certainly was trumpt up by the *Devil*, and his Faln, or Infidel *Angels* (but, indeed, he and his Angels are not ſo bad, *for they believe and tremble*, (St. *James* 2. 19.) For, the true *Engliſh* of it is this, as) you'll find they'll manage) — *You are to believe nothing in Religion*: And the Maxim is levell'd, not only againſt the *Athanaſian* and *Nicene*, but againſt the *Apoſtles* Creed, and all *Faith* in the World.

Good God! When there was but one [remarkable] *Arian* in the Reign of *King James* the Firſt (that *merciful* and *peaceful Prince*) he burnt him in *Smithfield*, at *London*, *March* 18, 1611. His Name was *Bartholomew Legat*: And that now the *New Arians* ſhould paſs your Streets, and not be *ſtoned!* ——. Nay, ſo far from that, that they ſhould be *countenanc'd*, and *encouraged* by any (tho' never ſo few) of your good City! But,

Fear not, my dear Brother, As God *will divide them in* Jacob, *and ſcatter them in* Iſrael, (*Gen.* 49. 7.) So, I moſt earneſtly and paſſionately requeſt you, to join with me in ſaying, as good *Jacob* did of *Simeon* and *Levi*; (*Gen.* 49. 6.) *O my Soul, come not thou into their Secrets.*

Come my dear Brother, continue *to be*, as you *are*, in good Earneſt with *Religion*, with your *God*, with your *Soul*, with *Eternity* and the *Reſurrection*. (And, by the Way, turn in tenderly and affectionately that of *Jeremy* upon your Breaſt, *Jer.* 6. 16.)

Immor-

Immortality is *worth* it: A Bleſt and Joyful Reſurrection is *worth it*: To paſs Eternity away, in a new, ſtrange, lovely World of Beatify'd Spirits, and ſeparate Intelligences; and, expiring into the *Element of Love*, with them to lie diſſolv'd in Hallelujah's, and live, and love, and reign for ever, *is worth* all your *Faith* and *Patience*, your *Conſtancy* and *Love*, your *Devotion* and *Obedience*.

I charge and conjure you to move not *one Jot*, or *one Tittle* from the preſent Catholick Faith, as tender'd, aſſerted, and profeſs'd in the Eſtabliſh'd Church; (in which your Fathers have receiv'd the Bread of Life, and from which they are paſs'd to the Church Triumphant;) whatever becomes of all the *Intereſts*, *Hopes*, *Fears*, and *Deſires* of a Dying World.

Lay but this *one Thing* following, cloſely to your Heart: There is the Exercíſe of a great Heap and Conjugation of Chriſtian Graces and Virtues in ſticking cloſe to it: *i. e.*

Unity

Unity,
Meekneſs of Underſtanding,
Love,
Peace,
Humility,
Charity,
Obedience,
and
Order.

Let *the Words* of a great * Saint ſatisfy you in all Attacks of the *Devil*, or the *Vile Arians* upon you, to debauch or corrupt your Faith: As, indeed they do me and ever ſhall: *i e. In Omnibus falli Poſſim in Obedientia non Poſſum:* That is, *I may be miſtaken in theſe and ſuch like Squabbles; but I can never be miſtaken in Obedience.*

To violate and break thro' ſo many Chriſtian Graces and Virtues, that I may quarrel with the Determinations of the Catholick Church in all Ages, and of my own Mother Church, to whom I owe Obedience; is the moſt *unaccountable*, and muſt be one of the *moſt dangerous* Things in the World.

My

* *St. Tereſa a Jeſu.*

My dear Brother, Let *others* do what *they pleaſe:* Your Soul is *your own:* When you *die*, you muſt *die for your ſelf:* When you come before the *Throne of God*, you muſt *appear* there for your ſelf.

Say then, with a Saint heretofore; *Volo Servare Animam meam:* i. e. *I am reſolv'd to ſave my Soul.*

If you ſave it, thro' the *Mercies* of God, and the Infinite *Merits* of our Saviour, it muſt be *in the* Old Catholick Faith; or *out of it.*

In it, you have a good Ground of Hope: but if, by the *Mercies* of God, you ſhould come to Heaven, *out of it*; O! how many *Degrees of Glory* will you loſe, by having diſturb'd the Peace of the World, and the Peace and Unity of the Church, by having gone round in the By-Paths, Untrodden Ways, and dark Opinions of *Turbulent*, *Heretical*, *Diſobedient*, and *Diſorderly* Men.

I cannot *limit* the Infinite *Mercies* and *Love* of our good God; and therefore know not

not but an *Arian* may *poſſibly* be ſav'd: Yet he puts off the *Infinity* of thoſe *Merits* by which he is to be ſo. And 'tis hard to conceive, that a Man profeſſing the Doctrine of Devils, and Accurſed Spirits, ſhould ever fill one of the Vacant Seats of the Fallen Angels.

His *Conduct*, his *State*, his *Principles*, are ſo dangerous, that I would not, for all the Treaſures of the *Indies*, have you venter your Soul, and the Loſs of a Rapturous Eternity; (*1ſt.*) Upon the Breach of almoſt one half of the great Duties of the Chriſtian Religion, (the Graces and Virtues before-mention'd) *to come* into their Opinions: And, (*2dly.*) Upon their *Uncertain*, *Dark*, *By Ways*, ſo contrary to the Catholick Faith.

June 1. 1719.

SIR,

Your Affectionate Brother.